

## A SAGE BRUSH : : : : : : NIGHTINGALE.

KITTY MIMS is not a common name, nor can it truthfully be affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman, but this was due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora Hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter.

Simon Mims was known far and near as "the doctor," and he felt not a little proud of the title. "I ain't never graduated, as ye must say," he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, "but that's two pains I set on relieving every time, and they're the pains that most troubles folks in these diggings—they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?"

The population of Experience was mostly transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very profane atmosphere.

The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cotillions exhausted the supply.

But had the ladies been represented by the usual proportion, and had Experience been many times more populous, still Kitty Mims must have been the belle.

Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three Rs. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their "bottom dollar" that as a singer "Kitty Mims could give the odds to Nelson, Patti and the hull caboodle of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead."

Judged by the effect of her efforts, no prima donna that ever trod the boards could surpass her when she sang "The lone starry hours give me love," which was always followed by a storm of "angels."

But she came out the strongest in "Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber" and "Home, Sweet Home," songs that invariably produced a great deal of coughing on the part of her bearded auditors, and the use of handkerchiefs—just as if they were troubled with sudden colds or dust in their eyes.

Of course Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of much heartburning among her many admirers, for it must be confessed she was not ignorant of her charms, and she used her charms with a fascinating tyranny against which the strongest did not dare revolt.

Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, and he boarded at the Aurora Hotel. Up to the time of his meeting Kitty he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art. But his soul was touched so that he attempted to compose a song in which he designed having "darling Kitty Mims" at the end of every stanza. He failed miserably in the effort, as a more practiced rhymist might have done.

"If the name had only been Ford," he said, "I'd had no trouble with it. There's 'adored' and 'floored' and 'gored' and—"

"And 'sored,'" said Tom Reed, coming to the foreman's aid.

Mr. Ford refused any assistance in this direction that savored of profanity, and it may be added that he had no admiration for the young man who volunteered his help.

Tom Reed was a tall, well-built man of six and twenty, "bashful as a gal," his companions said. He was the only man in Experience who neither drank nor gambled.

It was Rufus Ford's privilege to sit at the table on which Kitty Mims waited. He was always Kitty's first partner at the dances, and the very first time a buggy drove down the one street of Experience Kitty sat in it beside the young superintendent.

The older men joked with Simon Mims, and though the landlord was non-committal, he gave the impression that he would not object to Rufus Ford as a son-in-law.

The younger men gradually dropped off one at a time, reluctantly leaving the field to Rufus Ford; the only exception was Tom Reed.

It might be said, however, that Tom Reed was never really in the field. He did not board at the Aurora Hotel.

of the occasion the whole camp took a holiday—and in the center of the flow-ers he hid a golden heart which he had himself rudely fashioned from a nugget he had long kept by him.

It was rumored that Rufus Ford had sent to 'Frisco for a "dime-ant ring," and that Kitty would wear it at the dance that evening.

As often before, the dining-room of the Aurora Hotel did service as a ball-room that night, and from the crowded doorway Tom Reed looked at the dancers, and he caught the flash of a jewel on Kitty's hand.

After the dancing had progressed some time the men about the walls began shouting:

"A song! A song from the sage brush nightingale!" Having no cold to urge as an excuse, and being as willing to oblige them as they were anxious to have her, Kitty Mims mounted a chair amid great applause and sang the favorite songs.

During the evening Kitty managed to get near to where Tom Reed was standing, and she whispered:

"Thank you, Tom."

His eyes did not deceive him. Some of his flowers were in her dark hair, and the golden heart hung from a chain that encircled her smooth, white throat.

Tom Reed did not wait longer, but went to his cabin up the mountain side and lay down, but it was not to sleep. He could not define his feelings, could

give, if questioned, no adequate cause for the tumultuous joy at his heart. He was too happy for reason, too much excited for rest.

It was near daylight when he fell into a doze, but in his dreams he still saw the blossoms in her hair and the heart of gold upon her breast.

She was calling his name—louder—louder. She was beating on the door.

"Tom Reed! Tom Reed! For God's sake come out! The mine is on fire!"

He sprang up and threw open the door.

There stood Kitty, white-faced and excited.

"See, Tom! see! There are eight men in the shaft and all of them married!"

Tom Reed did not wait to hear more. He saw the pillar of smoke shooting up from the mouth of the mine, about which the people crowded, the bravest not daring to descend the fatal opening. Even Rufus Ford had lost his head and seemed paralyzed.

"What are you about, Tom Reed? Don't go down, man! Don't!" shouted the people.

"Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up—usual signal!"

That was all Tom Reed said. The next instant he was lost to sight. He had gone down the chain, "hand over hand."

After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationary engine was started, and the bucket rose, holding four blackened, half-suffocated men.

Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: "For heaven's sake, lower away! quick! Tom Reed is roasting!"

The bucket flew down the shaft, from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke.

An awful lapse of agonizing seconds, then came a faint signal to "Haul up!"

The bucket flew to the surface enveloped in flame.

A cry of horror burst from the throats of strong men, and Kitty Mims fell, fainting, beside the blackened, blistered form that was snatched from the mouth of the pit.

"Any other man but brave Tom Reed would have died," was the general comment weeks afterward, when it was found Tom would live—live, but never again to look up at the sky and the hills that he loved.

"Why—why did you go down?" asked Kitty, as she sat feeling her fingers—they had no jeweled ring now.

"I thought of the wives of the married men, Kitty. I was single. What mattered it so that I saved them?"

"Hush, Tom!"

He felt a tear on his hand and he knew her lips were near his slightest face.

"You will want a wife now, Tom. Let my eyes do for both. Father is willing."

It is the privilege of queens to propose, but then Kitty was a queen, and she is none the less one now that she is Mrs. Reed and the landlady of the Aurora Hotel.

If Tom Reed ever bemoaned his calamity no one knew it—not even the wife, from whom he could have no secrets.—Utica Globe.

When God is carving our rough block into an angel, we weep over the chips.

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## WRECKS AND DERELICTS.

Vesuvius Very Successful in Removing These Menaces to Navigation.

A stranded vessel is not a menace to navigation, and is therefore left severely alone; but a wreck sunk in a few fathoms of water, in the track of coastwise shipping, is a dangerous obstruction. The large, heavy masts of a sunken coaster might rip up the bottom of a colliding vessel, and a ledge of rock would not be more fatal than the submerged hull. In one year the United States Hydrographic Office, which is a branch of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, has received nearly two thousand reports of wrecks and dangerous obstructions, and ordered the destruction of as many of these as was practicable. This work is done with torpedoes. After the explosion there is no torpedo left, but there is also no wreck.

It is impossible to say how much damage has been done by collision with wrecks and derelicts, as ships abandoned at sea are called. Sunken wrecks are hidden dangers. The sky may be clear and the sea-way light; they smite the unsuspecting victim from the depths, and add one more to those disasters which are the more tragic for the awful mystery that surrounds them. During the seven years from 1887 to 1894 forty-five such collisions—nine, or nearly one-fourth, resulting in total loss, the others in great damage—were reported to the United States hydrographic. Of the nine fatal collisions, five were with wrecks, and four with derelicts.

The Yantic, the Dispatch and the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius are among the vessels of the United States navy which have most actively waged war upon sunken wrecks. The U. S. S. San Francisco also has the honor of having destroyed a derelict, in which operation she was, however, obliged to resort to all usual methods of naval attack except boarding—torpedoes, ramming and shelling. Capt. Crowinshield, when commanding the Kearsarge, removed a curious obstruction to navigation off Cape May. A schooner was reported sunk there in twelve fathoms of water. Capt. Crowinshield was surprised, on reaching the spot, to find the heels of two masts—not the upper, but the lower ends—protruding fifteen feet above water. In an inconceivable manner, these masts must have become unstepped from a sunken vessel, and the heels had swung up, the ends of the spars being held down by the rigging. One mast was shattered with torpedoes, the other pulled out by the Kearsarge and then destroyed. It was not necessary to break up the hull, as there was enough water above it.

The Vesuvius was very successful as a wreck-destroyer. Some of the obstructions are difficult to locate. The same wreck may be reported in three different positions by as many different vessels; and with so many clues to follow it is not easy to run down the game. The Vesuvius has found a wreck with only two feet of spar protruding above water and two feet of spar sticking out of the broad Atlantic is rather like the traditional needle in the haystack.—St. Nicholas.

The Unclaimed Remnant of Africa. The superficial area of Africa is estimated at 11,500,000 square miles. The partitioning of the continent since 1884 has established the following areas of direct ownership or controlling spheres of influence, which show that all but about 500,000 square miles has passed to the domination of European countries: France, 3,000,000 square miles; Great Britain, 2,190,000; Congo Free State, 905,000; Germany, 884,000; Portugal, 825,000; Italy, 549,000; the Boer Republics, 178,000; and Morocco, Egypt and the Sudan, controlled by Europe; and Liberia, an independent republic, an aggregate of 2,401,000. To-day Great Britain, France and Germany are the most powerfully represented. Italy has more territory than she can manage, and Portugal is strong principally for her coast advantages and as a "buffer" possession. Henry M. Stanley believes that the most marked advance in the continent in the next century will undoubtedly be in South Africa, because that region is the most suitable to the constitution of the European, and the principal danger to be apprehended is from the antagonism which exists between the English and Dutch races.

Queen Wilhelmina in England. A year or two ago, Wilhelmina and her mother visited England, Queen Emma being a sister of the widowed Duchess of Albany. Their visit was of a private nature, and the little Queen enjoyed going about as other persons do, shopping to her heart's content, without fear of recognition. The two queens were present on the opening day of the Royal Academy. And upon leaving Burlington House, it was noticed that the Queen Regent stood aside for her daughter to enter the carriage first; but the little Queen smiled and sweetly said:

"After you, mamma."

Of course, Wilhelmina was received by Queen Victoria, but with semi-state only. Indeed, this meeting of these two queens is said to be unique in history. The youthful Queen of Holland journeyed down to Windsor Castle, where she was graciously welcomed and embraced as a sister sovereign by her hostess, Queen Victoria.—St. Nicholas.

Treatment of Mexican Prisoners. The term of a prisoner in Mexico is divided into three periods. The first is occupied with penal labor, the second is spent in the training school, with small pay, and the third is preparatory to freedom, with paid work and many privileges.

Cruel words seldom cut a lazy person to the quick.

## ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Bismarck, who once defined universal suffrage as the government of a house by its nursery, had unlimited contempt for the common people. Some one observed in his presence: "You can make a mob cry anything by paying a few men among them a groschen apiece to start the shouting." "Yes, but you need not waste your groschen," demurred the premier.

One morning a gentleman called upon Douglas Jerrold to solicit a subscription on behalf of a mutual friend in want of money. "Well," said Jerrold, "how much does Smith want this time?" "Why, just four and two naughts will, I think, put him straight." "Very well," answered Jerrold, "put me down for one of the naughts this time."

Prof. Wilson, of Edinburgh University, was recently appointed honorary physician to the Queen. On the morning of his appointment he informed his pupils of the honor he had received by means of a blackboard in the laboratory, thus: "Prof. Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the Queen." During his temporary absence from the room one of the students added the words: "God save the Queen!"

Recently on the Bubbling Well road, Shanghai, two tarts from H. M. S. Algerine were disputing themselves by wobbling along on "bikes." A collision took place—one of the men landing on his nose in the road, while the other disappeared, machine and all, into a ditch. The gentleman in the road sat up and failed to see his chum, so he yelled: "Bill, where the blazes are you?" "Sounding, boy, sounding," came the response, as the individual addressed emerged into the road, coated from stem to stern with green slime and mud, and dragging the machine after him by one wheel.

The late Mr. Gladstone, when premier, was invited to attend one of Punch's famous dinners. He was to meet Harry Furness, who had "discovered" the Gladstone collar, and was in the habit of caricaturing the statesman weekly by representing him almost buried in his own collar. Mr. Furness had, of course, been told that he was to meet Mr. Gladstone, and the entire company looked forward with amusement to the night when the ideal and the actual should thus confront each other. The evening came, and Mr. Gladstone with it; but he wore a little band of white linen, behind which not even the lobe of the ear could be concealed. He had appreciated the situation and provided for it.

The other day a distracted mother brought her daughter to see a physician. The girl was suffering from "general lowness." The doctor prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter. In ten days' time they were back again, and the girl was rosy-cheeked, smiling, and the picture of health. The doctor congratulated himself upon the keen insight he had displayed in his diagnosis of the case. "I am glad to see that your daughter is so much better," he said. "Yes," exclaimed the grateful mother; "thanks to you, doctor! She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day since we were here, and sometimes oftener—and once or twice uncooked—and now look at her!"

One day while at Versailles, during the French war, Lord Odo Russell went to call on Bismarck, but found him closeted with Count Harry Arnim, who was known as the "Ape," from his fantastical ways. Before long Arnim came out, fanning himself with his handkerchief and looking as if about to choke. "Well," he gasped, "I can not understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When Russell entered the room he found the Chancellor fanning himself beside an open casement. "What strange tastes some people have!" he exclaimed: "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I had to open the window."

When Mrs. Norton was in the heyday of her loveliness, a very beautiful Italian woman came to London bringing letters of introduction. Mrs. Norton asked a small party of fashionable people to meet her at dinner, among whom was Lord Northampton, a great admirer of pretty women. All the men were enchanted with the beautiful stranger and all the women rather jealous. One of her great beauties was a profusion of splendid hair, dressed in immoderate plaits. The women decided they were not all her own. Before the evening was over Lord Northampton expressed his admiration of the wonderful hair, and intimated how much he should like to see it let down. "Since you wish it, my lord," said the woman, and forthwith unplaited one massive coil after another, while the other women looked on, devoured with envy. "I am doing for you, my lord, what I do not do for everybody," said the blond, casting up her fine eyes at the enraptured Lord Northampton, from under her mantle of flowing locks: "it is three weeks now since I last undid my hair." Which announcement in some degree consoled the English dames for their inferior locks.

Striking an Average. Ordinarily a man may make a fairly competent jurymen with very little knowledge of mathematics. Neverthe-

less, an acquaintance with the simpler problems of arithmetic is desirable, even in the jury-box. Here, for example, is a case cited by a lawyer in the Chicago Times-Herald.

I was counsel for the plaintiff in a suit brought to recover damages caused by a runaway horse. My client had been knocked down and slightly bruised—just enough upon which to case a lawsuit.

I had a very strong case; in fact, there was practically no defense, and the defendant was a rich man, so I asked for two thousand dollars, hoping to get half that amount.

Well, when the jury came in they rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, with damages assessed at eight thousand six hundred and eighty-seven dollars. Of course the judge promptly set the verdict aside as excessive, and I had to begin over again.

Some days later I met the foreman of the jury, and asked him how in the world they arrived at such a verdict.

"Well, I don't quite understand it myself," he said, scratching his head. "We all agreed for the plaintiff on the first vote, but each fellow had his own ideas as to the damage. I was in favor of one thousand dollars, another fellow thought it ought to be two thousand dollars, and another stuck out for seven hundred dollars, and we were getting all tangled up, when one of the jury suggested that we strike an average."

"But you couldn't have done that," said I.

"That's just what we did," said the foreman. "Each man put down what he thought right, and I added them together. I know there seems to be something wrong about the verdict, but hanged if I can see where it is!"

## WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

Hunting for game with a loaded gun is held, in *Cornwell vs. Fraternal Accident Association* (N. D.), 40 L. R. A. 437, not to constitute a voluntary exposure to unnecessary danger.

The use of a buzz-saw by a cashier to saw off blocks from a board for his own use is held, in *Hess vs. Preferred Masonic Mutual Accident Association* (Mich.), 40 L. R. A. 444, not to constitute an exposure outside of his preferred occupation.

A purchase of lands on behalf of a syndicate by real-estate agents who are members of it and also act as agents of the vendor, is held, in *Ferguson vs. Gooch* (Va.), 40 L. R. A. 234, unenforceable against the other members of the syndicate.

A will giving all testator's property to a woman whom he appoints as one of his executors, and afterwards marries, is held, in *Ingersoll vs. Hopkins* (Mass.), 40 L. R. A. 191, not to show on its face that it was made in contemplation of marriage so as to prevent revocation by the marriage.

The examination of legislative journals is held, in *State, Cheyenne, vs. Swan* (Wyo.), 40 L. R. A. 195, to be the duty of the court when there is a dispute as to the enactment of a statute which is published, and the constitution requires the journal to be kept and that no bill shall become a law without a vote by ayes and noes on the final passage entered on the journal.

## First American College of Forestry

Considering the manner of its endowment, it is particularly fitting that the first adequately equipped college of forestry in the United States should be organized by Cornell University. This has been done under an act of the Legislature instituting the New York State College of Forestry, and placing it under the government of the university. The college starts on its work with an initial appropriation of 30,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack Mountains, and the law contemplates the technical management by the college of the entire forest area of the State, which it is thought will ultimately approximate 3,000,000 acres.

The college "rooms" are the forests themselves, and the lessons to be taught aim at the selection of trees of the highest economic value and their cultivation on a system promising the most rapid growth. For many years the great forest tracts of the United States have been subject to unrestrained denudation. Now, cultivation and conservation are found necessary. This first State college of forestry will determine the kind of trees that can be grown to the best advantage and how this growth can be promoted.

## Cut Up the Wrong Hat.

A Scotch university professor, irritated to find that his students had got into the habit of placing their hats and canes on his desk, instead of in the cloakroom, announced that the next article of the kind placed there would be destroyed. Some days later the professor was called for a moment from his private room and emerged with the professor's hat, which he placed conspicuously on the desk, while his fellows grinned and trembled. The professor, on returning, saw the hat, thought some rashly obstinate student had been delivered into his hands, and, taking out his knife, he cut the offending article to pieces, while vainly attempting to conceal the smile of triumph that played about his countenance. He was in a very bad temper the next day.—Pittsburg News.

## Big East India Tin Factory.

The largest tin factory in the world is situated on Sulo Brand, an island in the Bay of Singapore. It turns out monthly 1,200 tons of tin, more than the product of Cornwall and more than that of Australia. The ore comes from Selangor and Perak in Malacca.

Gossip is always short lived unless it is properly ventilated.

It's sometimes difficult to get even with a man who credits you.

## CONVICT'S ODD FACE.

Abnormal Expression Caused by Paralysis of the Facial Nerves.

Angelo Del Bello was the first man convicted of murder in the first degree in Ohio not sentenced to receive the penalty of death. He was not sentenced to death because of insanity, yet he is not insane. He is confined in the prison asylum, though he is not a lunatic. Del Bello is a native Italian, but seems to understand neither English nor Italian, comprehends nothing that is said to him, is oblivious of punishment, and is a puzzle to the prison physicians. Since his confinement his face has begun to twist over toward the right. At first the doctors thought it was an illusion, but measurements show that the head is contracting on one side.

A prominent physician, quoting Dr. Bastien's treatise on facial disorders, said: "The diagnosis of this case is a matter of considerable difficulty. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that Deputy Warden Dawson's remark that the man's mentality was of too low an order to admit of insanity is incorrect. Del Bello is suffering from what Dr. Bastien calls the 'reaction of degeneration.' His mind has descended to the brute plane. He has allowed his mind to become such a blank that it has lost its usefulness, and has now begun to show the effects of lethargy."

"Del Bello's experience ought to be warning to those who let their 'angry passions rise.' He has allowed anger to sway him to such an extent that the



ANGELO DEL BELLO.

nerves of the brain have become affected and have lost their functions. Owing to violence the trunk of the nerves first became affected, the inflammation gradually spreading until the facial nerves became entirely paralyzed, allowing the face to assume an abnormal expression."

## It Was Pink.

While standing on top of Lookout Mountain a few days ago I was carried back to memories of dear old Bill Nye, for we had stood upon that same spot some years before, and a guide told us that we could see seven States from that point of view, namely: Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. "Where's North Carolina?" Nye inquired.

The man pointed to a particular place in the purple horizon.

"What makes you think that is North Carolina?" Nye asked.

"Oh, we know by the direction and the conformation of the mountains there," the man replied.

"Well, I know that is not North Carolina," Nye declared, with some vehemence. "And you would think it too if you would stop to think. Here is a map of the United States, and you can see that North Carolina is pink. Besides, I know it is pink. I live in that State considerably, and I have helped to paint it red, but of course I go away sometimes and then it fades a little, leaving it pink. No, sir, you can't stuff me that way. The place you are pointing at a color-blind man could see is purple."

Nye said those things so seriously that the man was almost dazed. He gave Nye a puzzled look, and then went on pointing out other sisters in the late Confederacy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## A Use for Liquefied Air.

It is reported that a use has been found for liquefied air, the possibilities of which have been matters of discussion among scientific men for some time. According to the Mining Reporter, a discovery was made recently by which it is now practicable to use liquefied air in underground work, such as mining, driving tunnels, sinking shafts. It is said that under proper conditions the liberation of air from the liquid can be effective in generating power with which to run drills underground, pumps, hoists, etc., while cool air can also be supplied in the deepest mines. The liquid air can also be used in freezing soft ground, making tunnel cutting less hazardous and tedious. If there is any reliability in this reported discovery, and its success can be practically demonstrated, it will make a new departure in the lines of work named, and once again make the genius of science the soul of industrial progress.

## Ancient Etiquette.

An ancient piece of etiquette in Holland insists that the Queen or King, when being dressed for their coronation, should stand on a linen cloth "unspotted from the world." The Duchess of Albany, who is a beautiful embezzler, daintily surrounded the one used at her niece's coronation toilet with suitable texts of Scripture in Dutch.

Pol